

Her Sense of Justice

Wouldn't Stand For It

"Two hundred dollars, please."

The New York drawing room was crowded with a fashionable throng on the eve of departure. The hostess, standing near the doorway, addressed her remark to a quiet, innocent looking lady who was about to pass through and who now viewed her with astonishment.

"Two hundred dollars," she exclaimed. "What for?"

"That is your loss at bridge for the evening," said the hostess.

"But," exclaimed her guest, "I had no idea that we were playing for money. Why, I wouldn't do such a thing. What can you mean?"

"You don't suppose for one instant," said the hostess haughtily, "that we were playing for our health, do you? It is the usual thing."

"But I haven't got the money with me."

"Then you can send me a check—at once."

The guest, her sense of justice fully aroused by the imposition practiced upon her, drew herself up proudly.

"I am, as you know, not long a resident here," she observed. "It seems to me nothing short of robbery. Suppose I refuse to pay this money?"

The hostess shrugged her shoulders meaningly.

"If you do," she replied, with a sneering contempt, "there is no hope for you. From this time forward you will cease to be an honored and respected member of our sacred circle."—Tom Masson in Judge.

Dog Did the Wrong Trick.

The Irishman wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark all the time if a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If I put a packet in his mouth the dog would keep it there till some one took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up and grabbed my gun. They were there—three of the scoundrels and the dog."

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.

"Sorry a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy! What doing?"

"Carrying a lantern for the burglars."—Dublin Freeman.

John Chinaman.

A prominent lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinaman as cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Hang Shoo Wang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will just call you John."

John smiled all over and asked:

"What your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Franklin Preston Benton."

"Me, no 'member all that," said John. "Chinaman he no sabey Mrs. Franklin Preston Benton. I call you Tommy."—Harper's Weekly.

Self Sacrifice.



Mr. Bodger (heroically)—Here, you take the umbrella, Maria. Never mind about me!—Black and White.

Not the New England Variety.

"Oh, they're real swell people," said the Chicago man, "an old 'Mayflower' family, I believe."

"You mean their ancestors came over in the 'Mayflower'?" asked the visitor from the east.

"Oh, no! I mean they made their money in 'Mayflower hams,' oldest brand o' hams in this section."—Catholic Standard and Times.

# TWO BIG BARGAINS!



## No. 1.

230 acres just a short ways back of town on hillside.

\$25 AN ACRE CASH.

This land is worth \$75 an acre today. Will bring double that amount in six months. Must be sold quick and at a sacrifice as the owner needs money. This is your chance to make some money.

Full particulars at our office. A good chance for a

bunch to get together and make some money.



## No. 2.

The first man to our office this morning with \$800 cash can buy the biggest bargain that has been offered in Astoria for some time. We can almost guarantee the man who gets this piece of property a profit of \$1,600 in less than six months. Must show that you mean business before you get the particulars about this. You will have to hurry because the first man is sure to buy it.



We have a dozen good buys where you can double your money in a short time. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. Come see us, we will put you on.

# The F. N. Clark Company,

## REAL ESTATE, INVESTMENTS.

495 Commercial Street, Near 11th. Phone Red 2241.

ASTORIA, OREGON. ||

Two in One Winter.

C. E. Emerson, of Fitzwilliam, N. H., had two attacks of pneumonia in one winter. He writes that two physicians said he could not recover from the last attack. After they had given up hope he began taking Foley's Honey and Tar, which brought him out all right. He writes that he surely thinks Foley's Honey and Tar is the grandest remedy for throat and lung troubles. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

All Right Now.

"I hear, Mulligan, that your sister Mary is going to marry Patsy O'Hanigan."

"She is."

"I thought you and him was in love."

"We was, but we've had our fight."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Moral Snobbery.

One of the commonest forms of snobbery is not social at all, but moral. Many people are moral snobs who have not a grain of social ambition. When Napoleon said, "I am above morality," he not only gave expression to what some great people have secretly thought about themselves, but to what thousands of their small admirers have openly said of them. They do not reflect, perhaps, as they justify their heroes, that to declare any one in the world above morality is to say that morality has ceased to exist, has been found out and exploded, nothing remaining but some utilitarian rules suitable for the guidance of mediocre minds. The moral law must be supreme or nowhere. Yet this, as it seems to us, self evident proposition is by no means easy to apply. Most of us feel that for any one to lay too much stress upon the moral shortcomings of a great man is a sign of a small mind or at least of a defective education. We do not habitually speak of Nelson in respect of Lady Hamilton, of Burns in respect of his marriage, of Bacon in the matter of his proved corruption, of Coleridge in connection with his opium habit or of Charles Lamb in his cups as we should speak of Smith, Brown and Robinson in like circumstances. Must we, then, admit ourselves to be moral snobs? The prima facie evidence is very much against us.—London Spectator.

Gently move the bowels and at the same time stops the cough. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains Honey and Tar. No opiates. Best for coughs, colds, and whooping cough. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mothers endorse it. Children like it. Frank Hart's Drug Store.

A Generous Miser.

A great many years ago there resided in Marseilles an old man named Guyot. He was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the street could point him out as a niggard in his dealings and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles and, although the people treated him with scorn and hatred, nothing would induce him to leave it. When he walked the street he was followed by a crowd of hooting boys who often threw stones and mud at him. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor. He was regarded by all as an avaricious old miser whose life was devoted to hoarding up gold. At last the old man died, and it was found that he had laid up a great fortune. He left a will which read, "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."

No Case on Record.

There is no case on record of a cough or cold resulting in pneumonia or consumption after Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken, as it will stop your cough and break up your cold quickly. Refuse any but the genuine. Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow package. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

It flows like fire through your veins it does the work. If you're wasting away day by day, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 55 cents, Tea or Tablets. Frank Hart.

## THE TRENTON

First Class Liquors and Cigars.

602 Commercial Street. Corner Commercial and 14th Astoria, Oregon.

### Nature's Sweet Restorer

The tired body and brain rest and recuperate during sleep. There is remarkable capacity for hard work so long as the sleeping hours are regular and the slumbers are not disturbed by bad dreams, stomach disorders or headache.

When mental strain, nervous worry or over-fatigue causes sleeplessness, take

## Beecham's Pills

Half an hour before retiring, and natural sleep will soon come to your relief. These pills are purely vegetable and cure sleeplessness by regulating the important functions of the body. They contain no narcotic nor sedative. Their action is natural, pleasant and safe. As a tonic and restorative in all cases of overwork, brain-fag, nervousness and worry, they have no equal. Beecham's Pills equalize the circulation, carry the blood from the weary brain, rest the mind and

## Bring Balmy Sleep

In Boxes 10c and 25c, with full directions.

# Marlin

Why is the Marlin 12 gauge take-down repeating shotgun the best all-around shotgun that money can buy?

Marlin shotguns are made of the best material obtainable for the purpose. They are strong and sure, and work under all conditions. The breech blocks and working parts are cut from solid steel drop-forgings; the barrels are of special rolled steel or of "Special Smokeless Steel."

The lines of Marlin shotguns are pleasing—the balance is perfect. They pattern perfectly and have wonderful penetration.

The solid top and side ejection assure safety and comfort. This is the gun you have been needing.

Send six cents for our catalogue, which explains every Marlin in detail and is full of other valuable gun lore.

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